



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>







# Strindberg

and HIS PLAYS

---

BY VANCE THOMPSON

---



---

STUDIES IN *personality*—I

---

LEVITT-WILSON'S Inc. — NEW YORK



# Univ. of California



August Strindberg



*STUDIES IN PERSONALITY*

---

**STRINDBERG** *and his*  
**PLAYS** *by* Vance Thompson

*Published by* Mc DEVITT-WILSON'S, Inc.  
NEW YORK 1 9 2 1

70 mm  
diameter

Copyright, 1921  
Mc DEVITT-WILSON'S, Inc.

Reprinted by Special Permission of *The Bookman*

UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA  
STRINDBERG *and his* PLAYS

PT 9815  
T5

by VANCE THOMPSON

AUGUST STRINDBERG—the greatest dramatist of his generation, the most tragic figure in modern literature—was a man who was hounded all his life by gods and by devils who had the faces of women—a tragic man.

First of all I shall try to show what kind of a man he was—what he looked like—as he went the way of life. For the Great Truth is this: Every man is exactly what he *looks!*

It was in the later nineties and the early part of this century, that I knew Strindberg. Those were the years when he walked in the shadow. A few years before he had known glory—he had stood, like a statue in a public square, with the light and crowd all around him. His plays held the theatres of Paris—three of them at one time. For the first

[7]

457546

and only time in his life, he was rich in money and applause. He had a pleasant house in the Quartier de Passy; a young and gentle wife, a pretty baby. At the Café Napolitain in the Boulevard des Italiennes—where the men of letters used to gather in those days: Catulle Mendès, Anatole France, Ernest La Jeunesse, Réthé, Richepin, Henri de Regnier—all the successful writers of the day—Strindberg held his little court. Days of glory! I did not know him in that proud moment; and it lasted but a little while.

The first time I saw him was in a little *crèmerie* in the Boulevard Raspail. Any one of you who has ever known the Quartier Latin knows it well—a huddled, noisy little restaurant where the students and girls of the Quarter dined for a few pence and (sometimes) paid.

I had gone there to see a boisterous painter of my friends—then a poor, wild Bohemian; to-day the greatest of American landscape painters in France, John Noble. Noble was not there and I sat

down at a table and waited. A little model, whom everyone knew and everyone painted, came and kept me company. Her name was Minna. She was a silly, romping little girl, rather amusing.

The *crémèrie* was full of noise and laughter. Over in a corner sat one man—alone and gloomy. He was dressed in shabby, black clothes and crouched with his face in his hands, so you could see only a mop of grouse-coloured hair.

Minna was a little tipsy, and she began to bombard him with bread. He stood up and looked about him in a dazed way; and Minna, laughing, ran over and threw herself in his arms and kissed him.

It was just her hoiydenish way of being merry.

The man pushed her off; and stood there—in the babbling, noisy restaurant—*and so you may see him!* He was tall and lean and haggard, with staring eyes and a tortured face. He looked like a man who had come from hell and he was August Strindberg. He gave a harsh cry

and rushed out of the *crèmerie*, pursued by jeers and screams of derisive laughter. He was not sober.

A few days later I saw him. You know how it is, there are two streets. You hesitate which one you shall take—and you turn to the right. Then, strolling idly on, you come face to face with a woman—and your whole life is changed. Had you gone through the other street nothing had happened. So this day—*by chance which is not chance*—I passed the Brasserie des Lilas.

It was an afternoon in May, and there on the terrace, alone at a table, Strindberg sat brooding over a glass of absinthe.

I took a seat at his table and told him who I was, for we had many friends in common—notably Sinding, the sculptor. So we talked. And he said:

“Do you know an American named Schlatter?”

Schlatter!

You remember what we said? The

great truth—the only truth needed to take you through life—is that every man is exactly what he *looks*! Let me tell you what Strindberg looked like as he leaned over the table and asked me if I knew Schlatter. He was dressed, as I have said, in a shabby, cheap and ill-fitting suit of black, with dubious linen and a black shoestring sort of necktie. His hat was off and what struck me most was his hair. It must have been blonde in youth, but now it had become grouse-coloured like that of most middle-aged Swedes. It stood up—four inches above his scalp—and with his tortured and haggard face, he gave you the impression of a man who had been held up by the hair of his head and swung to and fro over an abyss.

His eyes were pale. There was a wild and fleeting look of agony in them. A long face, with high cheek-bones, an immense forehead, a nose that broadened at the tip, with flaring nostrils; and under it, shaded by a little, flat moustache, a

mouth like a woman's mouth—a sad, tender, unhappy mouth with bluish lips.

This was August Strindberg, as he leaned across the table that Paris afternoon—his bony, spatulate fingers nervously interlocked.

“Do you know an American named Schlatter?”

I had heard of such a man. You may have heard of such a man. I think it was in Denver that he appeared—twenty years ago—as a “*healer*.” Thousands of vague dupes followed him and for a while the stories of his “cures” and his eccentricities and his “spiritual mission” filled the newspapers. And then, of a sudden, he disappeared. His mad disciples sought him world-over, in cities and in the desert; but Schlatter, the “*healer*,” had vanished.

Whither? Toward what new avatar?

This is what Strindberg told me: One day in the *crêmerie* he met an American—a strange fellow—with a most portentous face, fat, snub, dew-lapped, thick-



nosed bull of impudence and sensuality—a quack-face—German in type—who said he had just arrived in Paris to take up painting.

“I feared him,” Strindberg said, “and he pursued me. A strange and awful man!”

Then one night the man came to Strindberg’s poor room in the Rue d’Assas and asked for shelter. He was penniless; he had been driven out of his garret; the *crémèrie* refused him further credit. He had tried to commit suicide, but the morphine had merely made him sick.

And so Strindberg—though he disliked and feared the man—harboured him, in his generous poverty, for two months. For the man was unhappy. He told Strindberg of his frightful career. Driven from Germany for some folly and crime of youth, he had wandered through America for seven years as a waiter in cheap restaurants, as professional hypnotist, finally as “*healer*.”

“A dangerous man,” Strindberg whis-

pered, "of shifty intelligence; a melancholy man, an unbridled sensualist. And what is most terrible is, that he half believes his own sorcery. He wanted to 'heal' me. He told me he had 'healed' five thousand people over in America—in 1895."

Strindberg took from his pocket a page from the *Review of Reviews* (the French edition) on which was a photograph of Schlatter.

"That is the man," he said; "for two months I carried him on my shoulders, like an old man of the sea."

"And then?" I asked.

"And then," Strindberg said mysteriously, "he vanished. He was a terrible man. For days, even when I had food for him, he would pretend to fast. Perhaps he did. He said the only profit to be got out of life was in its contrasts. And then, having fasted, for days he would go to the Bal Bullier and drink and riot with the wild night-girls—and come back to my room and lie on the floor and

weep and pray and curse for hours.”

And Strindberg added solemnly: “At last God has saved me from this demon. He has vanished.”

Was it Schlatter? I do not know. I say only what Strindberg said.

Was it Schlatter? Not long ago I was lecturing in Los Angeles.

It is a queer town, Los Angeles. Everything happens there.

I had just made some notes for my lecture, when a hairy little man left a newspaper at my door—a dreadful-looking sheet, the *Ram's Horn*, and I read:

“His Majesty King Francis Schlatter and His Royal Highness Prince A. Schrader of Shiloh House and Pastors of the Baptist Church—Cancer cured by prayer—The Blessing of Handkerchiefs—King Francis Schlatter is performing the same miracles as he did before Queen Victoria in 1852, when she donated to him a big mansion!—Miracles Performed *Like* in the Days of Christ—Take Hollywood car to Fountain Avenue—I

am Thy Lord that cures you and *makes* you whole—phone Holly 2664”—and all the rest of it!

Is this the same Schlatter who sponged on my poor friend, Strindberg, over in Paris? Is the old dog in a new doublet? Or a new dog in the old spangled coat?

Anyway it is a queer thing to find him here, brawling about God in bad English, and advertising miracles (but anything can happen in Los Angeles, that sunlit city—).

But I was talking of Strindberg's *mad years*.

It was then he *made gold*—for among other things he was an alchemist.

Strindberg was not a scholar in the classical sense, though he was a good Latinist, but he was as widely educated as any man I ever met. Of all the sciences he knew more or less. He was biologist, mineralogist, botanist, chemist—a man insatiably curious. He had none of the autolatry of the professional man of

letters—of the pale professional poet who fancies literature is an occupation infinitely superior to all others—that it confers a sacred character—No! He could conceive genius under many forms. And so he lived a multiple life. When I knew him he had been a gardener; he was to be a monk; and he was a chemist, a great chemist. Remember it was Strindberg who discovered the component parts of sulphur, proving it to be a ternary compound of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen. He did that!

His favorite walk was in the cemetery of Montparnasse. He noticed faint, awful exhalations rising from the graves—as though the badly buried dead were emerging from their tombs. So he went hunting the ghosts of these dead men: Thierry, Orfila, Dumont d'Urville, Boulay—Napoleon's honest man.

He held an open phial filled with liquid acetate of lead over the grave; and having trapped his ghost he corked it up—like the genii in the bottle—and took it

home. There under the microscope, he studied the precipitate—ghost-crystals of the dead. A strange man—

And he made gold! Poet, dreamer, visionary—he made gold. Always truth has been first seen in a vision—always it has come first to the dreamer. Alchemist and transmuters of metals! For a thousand years official science had called them charlatans! Raymond Lutte and Roger Bacon were charlatans; and Basil Valentine, who isolated and described radium eight centuries ago, was a charlatan. Then one day Madame Curie rediscovered radium; and one day Sir William Ramsay changed one metal into another. He transmuted copper into lithium. And those forgotten alchemists were justified of science. Dead beliefs—like dead men—never die!

Then came Strindberg—the mad poet, with his dream of energising copper into silver, silver into gold. In his garret in the Rue d'Assas he worked over his retorts, playing with fire until the skin fell

in flakes from his poor hands. And failed.

Then there happened one of those mad things that were always happening in Strindberg's life. He had made two hundred experiments with no result—not a trace of gold on his test paper. He walked out one morning into de Avenue l'Observatoire. Two little scraps of paper were blown to him by the wind. He picked them up. On one were the figures 207: on the other—28. He took them home, and pondered. Now 207 is the atomic weight of lead and 28 that of silicium. That was all; but it was a glaze composed of lead and silicium that he transmuted for the first time into a mineralised gold of perfect beauty!

Dreamer, madman, poet, if you will—what was gold to him? In his own *Dream Play* he has given you the answer:

Dreaming child of man...  
When from thy winged flight above the earth  
At times thou sweepst *downward to the dust*,  
It is to touch it only—not to stay!

One day Strindberg did not come to the Café des Lilas; like the mystagogue Schlatter he had vanished; the next thing I heard was that he had entered a monastery in Belgium. (I was not surprised.)

Once he said to me in his emphatic French: "*Dieu m'a tourmenté toute ma vie*" (God has tormented me all my life long!) Not even in the cloister was he to make peace with Him. In a little while he fled.

One other thing tormented him all his life—woman.

It appears by the history of Samson, which is recorded in a notable book, that woman is the enemy of strong men.

Now Strindberg was a strong man. And you can understand neither his plays nor his life if you do not know the fierce, deep and tragic influence women had on him. Strindberg's father was a shop-keeper, his mother a servant. In his youth he dreamed of fair ladies—châtelaines with white hands and pale faces and soft eyes. And round him were the





STRINDBERG IN HIS STUDY



THE STRINDBERG THEATRE IN STOCKHOLM



boisterous women of the tenement in which he lived. Then he met a Swedish countess—the dream-lady with white hands. She was married, but they broke that chain; and he swept her away into a new marriage of vehement adoration. And the pale lady trampled on his heart, rode him with spurs, poisoned his ideals. He woke from his dream of love, horrified, as one who has touched something cold and unclean.

In a book you know, *The Fool's Plea*, he pictured that woman; damned her forever in blasting and obliterating words. Ten years of married life; and the last words of the book are: "*Now the tale is told, my beloved, I am avenged. We are quits.*"

But it was not this woman alone upon whom he took vengeance—his anger fell upon all; and it was the anger, mark you, of a disappointed sentimentalist. In his plays and books he pours anathema upon woman; and his savageness is that of a pathetic boy who has been disappointed

in love.

His ideal of love was something incredibly high. The women he knew failed to come up to it. They were not white-handed heroines of romance, but food-hungry women with human tempers and habits; and he shrieked his disappointment and cursed his broken idols. And all his life long *women* tormented him—like God.

After the countess he married a vague, kindly Austrian woman; and he parted from her—at the Gare du Nord in Paris—parted forever “with ferocious joy!” and told it in a book.

*A third wife* I did not know. She was a Swedish actress; no one knows her. For Strindberg died before he had written a book about her! James Huneker told me about her. He had gone to Stockholm to see Strindberg; and the playwright sported his oak. But at the theatre Huneker met the gilded actress and she took him home with her after the play. Strindberg was sitting in his study—a

silent, haggard man. The actress bubbled and made conversation; but Strindberg did not open his lips. And in his pale Northern eyes was the look of the man who has lost faith, even in actresses; and that is the great disillusion. Once only he spoke—a cryptic saying: “Women are never unhappy unless they have reason to be unhappy. Man, alone, is unhappy without cause.”

And so Huneker went away.

There, in his later days, Strindberg found his God—a strange Swedenborgian god—possibly known here also in the United States, where there are (I have discovered) fifty-seven varieties of religion; all false. But he never regained his faith in woman.

You must remember that was the day when the *new* woman was abroad in Sweden. Isben had set her going and, in a little while, the flap of her loose shoe was heard half round the world. And her development in the narrow, Lutheran, provincial life of Sweden was singu-

larly threatening to the astounded male of those parts.

*There* was fought again the eternal duel of sex. Strindberg's side was stated savagely enough in one of his plays—you may remember it—*Comrades*. Axel and Bertha are painters and the man is ruled, enslaved, destroyed by the woman—even as in real life Strindberg was poisoned by his Swedish countess.

“In this war to the death between the two sexes,” Axel says gloomily, “it would appear that woman, being the less honest and the more perverse, would come out conquerer, since man's chance of gaining the battle is very dubious. *He* is handicapped by an inbred respect for woman, without counting the advantage he gives her, in supporting her and leaving her time free to equip herself for the fight.”

And so, in plays and books, again and again—with crude violence of language—with heart-broken vehemence—he curses women and knocks them about the

ears. He could think of nothing else—but of God and women—and I am not sure there is anything else worth thinking about.

And so you get an impression of Strindberg as a great, blind, amorphous force, sprawling in the dark life of his day, like a helpless animal in a pool, a picture that is true enough.

And yet this man was the greatest dramatist of the age—the most important figure in the intellectual evolution of all Europe.

And now a word or two about his dramatic work.

In real life he was independent, disinterested, indomitable. He faced the most frightful misery, poverty, contempt rather than bend his neck to the hypocrisies of a provincial society. *A man's life is the best commentary on his works.* He was a rebel whose faculty of revolt was made terrible by a touch of genius.

Even so his works. His one duty—he held—was to speak the truth, no matter

how shameful it was, no matter how bitter. He had learned truth-speaking in a pitiless struggle, he had fought for bread as an usher in a school, as "super" in a theatre, as an apothecary's drudge.

And yet—bear this in mind—in spite of the savage way he stripped modern life of its pretences, he began his literary career as a romanticist and sentimentalist and ended it as a writer of fairy-tales.

Of course you know him best by such plays as *The Father*, *Miss Julia*, *Pariah*, *Comrades*, *The Dance of Death*. They belong to his middle period. *The Father* was first produced in 1887—an epoch-making play. Here was all the strength, the bitter strength of the new drama beside which the ferocious trivialties of Ibsen were as water unto wine.

Remorselessly he flayed the human beast. If his hand trembled it was with excitement, it never flinched. He wrote with a dissecting-knife. And he laid bare all the brutality, egotism and irresponsi-



bility of modern life. His hatred for evil and for cruelty was brutal and venomous as that of Swift. A play without laughter—like all his plays.

“They call *The Father* a sad play,” he said; “did they expect a tragedy to be jolly! People talk of the *Joy of Life* as though it consisted in dancing and farcical idiocy. For me the Joy of Life consists in the mighty and terrible struggles of life—in the capability of experiencing something—of learning something.”

So his plays are mighty struggles, terrible and dark—man’s tragic struggle with fate! Note, too, that in all these plays of the middle period fate comes in the guise of a woman. (That was the dark lesson he learned from his Swedish countess.)

There must always be a victim—and almost always it is the man who succumbs. Why, in this eternal war of the sexes, are the men always conquered? It is because they have *distractions*. They wanton by the way. They forget the bat-

tle. They interest themselves in life, art, nature, friendship. They have neither the patience, nor the tenacity, nor the bitterness of woman. Now and then man lays down his arms. Thus in *The Father* the captain pursues his scientific studies—he is on the point of making a great discovery—and Laura, his wife, takes him unaware, when he has laid his sword aside.

Thus in *Creditors* Adolphe, the artist, is absorbed in his art—when the woman strikes him. The battle is unfair. It is waged between man, the dreamer, and woman, who has all the serene insensibility of Nature herself—Nature's implacable and victorious cruelty. And the poets and savants and dreamers are those whom Nature—through her instrument woman—punishes most implacably.

Now this is the thesis of all those plays of the eighties and nineties, and they tell the story of Strindberg's sufferings at the hands of his Swedish countess and the

little, pinky, Austrian wife; and they tell nothing else. Amazing plays—in their sincerity and savage realism. Remember that from them sprang the drama of modern realism that swept over Europe for a quarter of a century. They begot *Tristan Bernard* and many another; indeed they begot George Bernard Shaw — which should be accounted to them for a certain sort of righteousness, I suppose—Heaven knows why!

But this is the point. If you are to understand Strindberg, the greatest figure in Scandinavian literature, you must see that his plays represent only a part of his life—and work. Strindberg was always a rebel—always, as he said, “*Je sonne la révolte et je brandis l'idée.*” (I sound the revolt and I brand the idea.) But he did not spend his whole life rebelling against his wife which (at his best) is misdirected genius! His first plays were historical dramas—great national dramas of patriotism.

Once he said to me: "The only work one can go on taking a daily interest in is work done for the glory of the dead, or the good of those who are not yet born." *Olaf the Reformer* is such a play. It enshrines the old glory of Sweden and proclaims new hope for a better future. Have you read *Peter in Search of His Fortune?*—this sort of *Faust* in miniature? Then you know why Strindberg is the great national poet of Sweden.

Forget what you have heard of his bitter and ferocious attack on women. Turn to the great dramas of his youth and his later days—*Gustav Wasa*, *Christine*, *Erich XIV*, *Olaf*—and you will understand why a *nation* followed him to his grave a few years ago. Read *Swan White* and *The Dream Play*, and you will understand why the children covered his coffin with wild flowers as he was borne—the great dead man—through the streets of his city.

In him, as in all of us, there were many men. God tormented him and—

all his life—the women tormented him. And a score of his plays—a half score of his books—are merely his cries of agony and revolt.

One of the men in him was this tortured rebel. Another was the reformer—heroic as his own Olaf—who fought the evils of a bad civilization—the wrongs of government—the hypocrisies of religion—the shame of poverty. That is the Strindberg I love best. Those were his high moments, when life became a splendid adventure in heroism and sacrifice—and life, you know, should be either a tremendous adventure or nothing. That was the Strindberg who stood on a mountain peak. \*

There was another man in him—and this Strindberg, I think, the world will love best as the years go by and the noise of the battle he waged dies away. It was he who wrote the *Children's Saga*—and told of the Silver Moor and sang the fairy tales and told the little modern fables that sing themselves. \*

He was many men, but the greatest and truest of them was the dreamer.

Do you remember when Indra's daughter came down to him in the play? She drew her hand across her eyes and said: "All this time I have been dreaming."

"It was not a dream," he answered, "it was one of my poems."

And Indra's daughter asked him: "Do you know what poetry is, then?"

And he said softly: "I know what *dreaming* is."

And that was Strindberg's life—dreams of high and beautiful adventures—nightmares of shattered love—and dreams through which the fairies whispered mysterious sagas of the white north.

And then having dreamed for sixty years he died. But long before death took him he had learned the great lesson: The perfection of culture is not rebellion, but peace—not the battle hymn of Olaf, but a saga sung to children in the twilight.

## THE WORKS OF AUGUST STRINDBERG

No one can read a play of Strindberg's without receiving an intellectual jolt. There comes a startling conviction that here is the transcript of a great mind. One may or may not agree what one reads is great drama or great literature; but there is no doubt that the big, restless, probing spirit of the man who wrote it is a stupendous human spectacle.

*Dial.*

### DRAMATIC WORKS

*(Translated by Bjorkman)*

Plays (Vol. I)—The Dream Play, The Link, The Dance of Death. With frontispiece portrait .....	\$2.50
Plays (Vol. II)—Creditors, Pariah, Miss Julia, The Stronger, There are Crimes and Crimes .....	2.50
Plays (Vol. III)—Advent, Simoom, Swan- white, Debit and Credit, The Thunder- storm, After the Fire.....	2.50
Plays (Vol. IV)—The Bridal Crown, The Spook Sonata, The First Warning, Gus- tavus Vasa. ....	2.50

### DRAMATIC WORKS

*(Translated by Warner and Edith Oland)*

Plays (Vol. I)—The Father, Countess Julia The Stronger, The Outlaw.....	\$1.50 1.50
Plays (Vol. II)—Comrades, Easter, Pariah, Facing Death. ....	1.50
Plays (Vol. III)—Swanwhite, Advent, The Storm. ....	1.50

*Prices are subject to change*

*Supplied by McDevitt-Wilson's, Inc.  
Booksellers and Publishers*

30 Church Street

New York

(Translated by U. S. Howard)

Easter and Stories from the Swedish. Cloth..	2.50
¾ morocco .....	8.50
Lucky Pehr, translated by V. S. Howard, cloth .....	2.50
¾ morocco .....	8.50

#### FICTION

Married: Twenty Stories of Married Life (Modern Library) .....	.95
A German Lieutenant and other Stories, translated by Claud Field .....	2.00
In Midsummer Days, and other Tales, trans- lated by Ellie Schleussner .....	2.00
On the Seaboard: A Novel of the Baltic Sea translated by E. C. Westergren .....	2.00
The Red Room : translated by Ellie Schleussner .....	1.50
The Son of a Servant: translated by Claud Field .....	2.00
By the Open Sea: translated by Ellie Schleussner .....	1.50

In this, Strindberg's best novel, the characters develop through words and deeds. The background is woven from the lives of fisherfolk into a striking tapestry of revenge, love, hate, prejudice and superstition. The unfolding of the hero's mind as it responds to modern scientific thought, and the psychology of Marie's course, are notable accomplishments. Nature life in the North—its fish, vegetation, rock, its mirages and winds and waters—is delightfully presented. This aspect of Strindberg will attract those who know only his dramatic and self revelatory works.

[NOTE:—We can also supply Strindberg's in the original.]

Prices are subject to change  
Supplied by McDevitt-Wilson's, Inc.  
Booksellers and Publishers

30 Church Street

New York



# MISCELLANEOUS

Growth of a Soul: Autobiographical. Translated by Claud Field .....	\$2.00
Confessions of a Fool: Autobiographical...	1.50
Legends: Autobiographical Sketches.....	2.00
Zones of the Spirit: A book of thoughts. Translated by Claud Field .....	2.00
Have Plants Nerves?	
Historical Miniatures	

## BOOKS ABOUT AUGUST STRINDBERG

Strindberg the Man. by Prof. Axel J. Up- poal—Portrait .....	\$2.00
August Strindberg. A Psycho-Analytic Study, with special reference to the Oedipus Com- plex. By Axel J. Uppoal.....	2.50
August Strindberg, by Nils Erdmann. 2 vols. In Swedish. Paper binding.....	7.50
Prophets of Dissent (Strindberg, Maeter- linck, Nietzsche and Tolstoy) by Otto Heller .....	1.50
Voices of Tomorrow by Edwin Bjorkman. Critical studies of a new spirit in litera- ture (Strindberg) .....	2.00
European Dramatists: Strindberg, Ibsen, Wilde, Shaw, by Archibald Henderson. Cloth .....	3.00
$\frac{3}{4}$ morocco .....	10.00

*Strindberg has suffered intensely because his is an intense temperament. But he has "proved all things" and even from his hell he has brought us the history of experiences not to be forgotten. One is tempted to credit the alleged utterance of Ibsen—"Here is one who will be greater than I."—Joseph Huneker.*

Prices are subject to change  
Supplied by McDevitt-Wilson's, Inc.  
Booksellers and Publishers

38 Church Street

New York

## DRAMATIC WORKS

### ROMANTIC—

- 1872—Master Olaf.
- 1880—The Secret of the Guild.
- 1882—Lady Margit.
- 1883—Lucky Pehr.

### NATURALISTIC—

- 1887—The Father.
- 1888—The Comrade, Miss Julia.
- 1890—Creditors.
- 1892—The Key of Heaven.
- 1893—Four One-Act Plays.

### SYMBOLISTIC—

- 1897—The Link, Playing with Fire.
- 1898—To Damascus.
- 1899—There are Crimes and Crimes—Christmas.  
Gustavus Vasa, Eric XIV, The Saga of  
the Falkings.
- 1900—Gustavus Adolphus.
- 1901—The Dance of Death, Easter.  
Midsummer, Charles XII.
- 1902—The Crown Bride, Swanwhite, The Dream  
Play.
- 1904—Damascus.
- 1907—The Storm and other Chamber Plays.
- 1908—The Slippers of Abn Casem The Lost  
Knight.
- 1909—The Black Glove. The Great Highway.

*Prices are subject to change  
Supplied by McDevitt-Wilson's, Inc.  
Booksellers and Publishers*

30 Church Street

New York

# NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES

## ROMANTIC—

- 1879—The Red Room.
- 1882—Four Swedish Events and Adventures.
- 1884—Marriage
- 1885—Real Utopias.

## NATURALISTIC—

- 1886—Marriage.
- 1887—The People of Hemsö.
- 1888—Fisher Folks.
- 1899—Chandalah.
- 1890—At the Edge of the Sea.

## SYMBOLISTIC—

- 1903—Sagas.
- 1904—The Gothic Rooms.
- 1905—Historical Miniatures.
- 1906—New Swedish Events.
- 1907—Black Flags, The Scapegoat.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL WORKS

### NATURALISTIC—

- 1886—The Bondwoman's Son.
- 1887—The Author.
- 1888—Confession of a Fool.

### SYMBOLISTIC—

- 1897—Inferno.
- 1898—Legends.
- 1902—Fairhaven and Foulstrand.
- 1903—Alone.

*Prices are subject to change  
Supplied by McDevitt-Wilson's, Inc.  
Booksellers and Publishers*

4 Church Street

New York

## OTHER WORKS BY VANCE THOMPSON

The versatility of the author is shown by the following list of the books from his pen.

French Portraits—out of print.

The Carnival of Destiny (fiction) 1906.

Out of print.

Eat and Grow Thin; the Mahdah Menus. (Diet)	\$1.25
Drink and Be Sober. (Temperance)	\$1.25
Live and Be Young. (Longevity; Conduct of Life)	\$1.25
The Night Watchman and Other Poems	\$1.00
Women. (Emancipation)	\$2.00
Ego Book: a book of selfish ideals	1.25
Life of Ethelbert Nevin, ed. from his letters and his wife's memories.	2.75
Take It From Me; a look in on the other fellow.	1.00
Mouse—Colored Road; il. by Oliver Herford.	1.75

[NOTE:—This is a Christmas story for children and grownups. The story opens with an old professor explaining to the children that everything is made of atoms—even *time*, perhaps; and that if we could slip between the atoms of time we would find ourselves in a land where no watches are needed. And presently the children do this very thing, and find themselves on the mouse-colored road, where they meet many famous children of history, the last being the young Shepherd who first saw the Star of Bethlehem.

*Prices are subject to change  
Supplied by McDevitt-Wilson's, Inc.  
Booksellers and Publishers*

30 Church Street

New York







UNIVERSITY





**14 DAY USE**  
**RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED**  
**LOAN DEPT.**

**RENEWALS ONLY—TEL. NO. 642-3405**

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or  
on the date to which renewed.

Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

DEC 10 1968 6 9	MAR 5 1969 A
RECEIVED	
NOV 26 '68 - 9 PM	LOAN DEPT.
LOAN DEPT.	FEB 19 '69 - 2 PM
FEB 26 1969 7 9	RECEIVED
RECEIVED	MAR 12 1969 7 4
FEB 12 '69 - 5 PM	MAR 7 '69 - 6 PM
LOAN DEPT.	LOAN DEPT.
MAY 14 '69 - 2 PM	MAY 8 1969 6 8
LOAN DEPT.	

LD 21A-38m-5,'68  
(J401s10)476B

General  
University of  
Berkeley, Google

